A QUARTER OF A MILLION CHANGING HANDS IN A SINGLE DAY. The Planger's Largest Ret in America—Her torro Lorillard, the Dwyers, and Others nok Mace Horses—Where the Bulk of

"John, how much do I owe you?" Seventeen fifty." The first speaker drew a large roll of money from an inside pocket, counted out seventoen

\$100 notes, and, adding a \$50 note to the pile, handed it to the man who had said seven-The two men were sitting on the starboard side of the steamboat St. John, forward, on

their way to the Monmouth Park races. They were young members of the bookmaking fraternity, and were surrounded by betting men and others connected with the turf. A cool breeze coming in through the gangways rendered the party good-humored and sociable. How many bookmakers are there?" in-

quired an interested listener.
"Forty-two," replied one of the guild.

How much money do you book on an average race day?"

How much passes through our hands?"

'On a good day, at Sheepshead Bay, for instance, the heavy men will average \$20,000 each, while some of the new light weights will not book more than a few hundred dollars." What is the highest bet ever booked in this

country?"
"The Plunger bet Horton, Charley Reed's partner, \$10,000 to \$14,000 on Giroffe, in her race with Barrett and Bootjack instfall at Seepshead Bay, and Charley Reed bet the Plunger another \$10,000 even on the same race. That was the biggest sweep in a single race."

Who is the freest better among horsemen?" Pierre Lorillard. He has placed \$10,000 on race. He bets in an off-hand, indiscriminate

"Who is the freest better among horsemen?"

"Pierre Lorillard. He has placed \$10,000 on a race. He bets in an orl-hand, indiscriminate way, and backs his own horses handsomely. The Dwyers back their stable heavily at times, as well as the horses of other owners. They we more careful than Pierre. Ex-Gov. However, as well as the horses of the owners. They we more careful than Pierre. Ex-Gov. However, and the horses run under shrewd old Eph Snedeker's name, including Gebhard, occasionally dive in deeply; the Dalys chip up their money freely; in fact, all the owners, trainers, jockeys, and even stable boys take their chances."

When batting in the great ring becomes dull the bookmakers often jump at each other. Gray-headed James E. Kelly, when the fit is on, will put up from \$5,000 to \$10,000. He has won and lost more money probably than any other member of the fraternity. When a young man he worked at plastering for a dollar a day. One hot Saturday night he threw down his tools, swaring that he would starve before he would handle them again. Young David Johnson, son of Thomas, is the most impulsive gambler in the ring. His shout of \$10,000 to \$1,000 was the cause of his paying over the former amount to a brother bookmaker recently. Cridge & Co, and a few others will risk many thousands on a race, but the unjority confine their possible losses to about \$5,000. Heavy individual betting is exceptional, however. The bulk of the money, which sometimes aggregates a quarter of a million a day in books, mutual and auction pools, and combinations, comes from the general throng of racegores, tradesmen, and politicians. They have plenty of money, and they all bet freely. On hearing them discuss the merits of the horses, what weights they can carry and win, what distance suits them best, which is the hosts which weight from male downers who begin their labors in the more against the modern possibly lose. That they do lose may be informed from the mid-deliner whose work commences at gastight and instrument of plain weight and

apparent sense or reason. At the finish of each race there is a saiden
disappearance of thousands from the stands,
the great enclosure fronting the quarterstretch, and the field. Some have gone to the
paddock to see in what condition the horses
have come in from their great strangies, in
order to store up points for luture beiting and
gain information for the next race; others
have harried to the betting quarters to get
their winnings or to make fresh investments,
while many swarm around the bars to drink to
their good luck or drown their ill fortune.
When the final bell stimmons the horses to the
post for another race the crowd surges back
again, seizing on every available point of obsurvation.

again, seizing on every available point of ob-servation.

That keen-eyed, wiry veteran who is making his way rapidly through the crush is bound to gain a position from which he can see every foot of the race, even if he has to roost on the back of a reporter's clinit. He has a horse in the race, and has bet thousands of dollars on the result. He watches every move of the racers with breathless interest with the aid of a powerful glass, for a man whom he hates werse than poison has bet against him through an agent. The wiry man is Bookmaker Keily, who fought the Plunger so energetically hist summer.

an agent. The way man is Bookmaker Kelly, who fought the Plunger so energetically hast summer.

The stout man in a blue suit, wearing a white hat as round as a Dutchman's, under which his liussed face has a restless, uneasy look, is a nearth and the summer of the property of gambling on horses. He adopted the Plunger's tactics, and in a quieter way bets nearly as much money. Passing a bookmaker not long ago who was shouting just before the race. This bet \$6,000 to \$5,000 on \$1.000, he took the offer. Eole lost. The man is named Bernard.

A tail, neat, bue-eyed man, who needs no chair to give him a view of the running horses, watches them while carrying thousands of dollars of his money as ecolly as if he had wagered as glass of wine only on the result. He is equally cool while speculating in Wail street, at faro, draw poker, or any other game of chance. He is known as Al Smith.

Those two stim, erect, neatly dressed, unobtrusive men, always one and inseparable at the race course, have, in the past four years, won more money in stakes, purses, sweepstakes, and bets than any other horsemen in America. Win or lose they always wear the same canim demeanor, and no one ever knows how much they are out or in. They are keen, critical observers of a horse race, and are often seen in the judges or timers box. They are the Dwyer bothers.

That clear-eyed man who drags one leg behind him, and who, with his stout, hearty wife,

they are out or in. They are keen, critical observers of a horse race, and are otten seen in the judges' or timers' box. They are the Dwyer brothers.

That clear-eyed man who drags one leg behind him, and who, with his stout, hearty wife, bets freely on the races, is the owner of the finest string of steepjechasers in the country. He began his racing career with one horse, to pay for which he had a hard scramble. He is at present a rich man. His name is W.C. Daly.

That handsome, compactly built Irishman, with a complexion clearer than Langiry's, beautiful black curly hair, and eyes that shine like brilliants, hurrying through the press with a handscredief ited across his shirt front to hide a costly diamond, is a lively better. He began sporting his at pedestrian matches. His name is O'Rourke.

The handsome gentleman with sleek moustaches, glossy hair, and Chesterdeidian manners, who comes on from the West to try his luck at the races, and is hail fellow well met with Billy Connor. Tom Ochiltree, and other clever club men, is known among the boys as Eg Johnson. He is a good judge of horses. He ran for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket a few years ago.

The stout, good-natured gentleman of democratic hearthyess, who leaves the judges' stand whenever he is interested financially in a horse race, and who, when he gets a tip on a steeplechase, is always pleased to see his horse hold his own, if he does get away last, is called Johnny Heckscher by such familiar spirite as Atest Taylor and other roysterers. Mr. Heckscher is ready to wager any amount of money that the coming horse show will be the most popular exhibition ever started.

The man in the gray suit, wearing a diamond as large as a check thay to his shirt front, is one of the old-time New York printers of whom there are but a few remaining. One day, while he was working on a weekly newspaper, the continued-story man went the way of many geniuses and disappeared in a fog. The proprietor and: Mr. Smith, why don't you write a story? Mr. Smi

is famous for the choice meats he furnishes to up-town residents. Both favor suction pools, and both have blazing diamonts.

There sits a man with the head of a patriarch. Forty-one years ago he betten the Beston and Fashion race on the old Union course. He put his money on Boston. His winnings that day have cost him \$20.000 since. No man has had more tips given him in genuine good faith, and still he says that it is impossible to beat the game.

Eagerly watching the horses as they dash toward the finish is a young lawyer from Brocklyn. His face has the troubled look which says. "If I could only get even, I would quit."

Groping his way along the rails close to the

Quit."

Groping his way along the rails close to the quarterstretch is a simitered, miserace e man. A horse has been set back to: fouring, and the man is looking for winning tiekets that may have been thrown away under the supposition that they were of no account. Five years ago the man was worth a quarter of a million. His friends now support him.

A fat, cheerful-looking young fellow, who was graduated with honors and was a college champion sculler, exhibits with great giee a card, which entitles him to \$100 for \$20 placed on the winner. He bets on every race, and always shows his winning cards. They are few and far between. He is the hope of a fond, wently, widowed mother. "By Jove!" he remarked to an acquaintance the other day, "here it is only July, and I've a bars thousand remaining of my yearly allowance of \$25,000." Here comes a man of commanding stature, followed closely by a slim young man. They are father and son. The father is one of the most popular men in Brooklyn. He does not make as many hits on the turt as he does not make as many hits on the turt as he does in the thecate.

Near the front row in the grand stand, surrounded by preity and vivaceous actresses, is the handsome proprietor of the most gorgeous place of amusement in New York. Although a good judge of race horses, the Colonel does not win as often as the ladies. Like a well-known Southern turlman, he once lost on thirty-three horses in succession.

Among those who make regular trips to and from the gambling arean are three Brooklyn officeholders. One is tailand grum, resembling

Southern turiman, he once lost on thirty-three horses in succession.

Among those who make regular trips to and from the gambling arean are three Brocklyn officeholders. One is tail and grum, resembling a deacon in Taimage's Tabernacle, another is a medium-sized, piensant-faced gentleman, and the third has the appearance of a hitter from the shoulder. The pleasant man wins more frequently than either of his companions.

Three famous billiard experts—Sosson, Schaefer, and Sexton—are familiar figures on the green. Sosson carromed on five winners in succession recently, and then offered to discount the Funger. Schaefer said that they could all beat bim at the pool game—there was too much pocketing on the wrong side of the table. Sexton played Pizarro up to the reverse English, which he missed. Then he thought it was time to draw. Billiard runs are uncertain, and so are horse races.

Women are the most persistent betters at the races when the fewer once takes a strong hold. Among the many regular attendants, no matter how stormy the weather may be, there are three groups at least that follow the races from course to course, from the opening to the closing of the season. They lick their seast at the leginning of a meeting as nearly opposite the winning post as nossible, occupying the same positions each day. They are enabled to do this by reaching the grounds long before the crowd begins to pour through the gates. They are genteel, well-behaved persons, who appear to have unlimited financial resources.

One group consists of a blonde of Amazonian proportions and two small, rather dark complexioned women. Several years ago a relative presented onto of the little women with three iottery tickets. She kept one of them, and returned the other two. The ticket she retained drew a prize of \$10,000. The lottery was a foreign affair, purporting to be in aid of some great reignous or charitable work. After receiving the money the woman visited Jerome Park while the Great pool to be in aid of some great reignous or charitable

A masher and her daughter who reside in Brooklyn, and who never have been seen to hold conversation with any person while at the rices, except with the messengers who purchase their tickets and got them cashed when they win, always occupy end seats, where they sit patiently until the last horse comes limping in from the steeplechase. The mother's face appears pinched with pain and care. She never saules. Unlike most women's, her face never tells whether she has lost or won. Even when the excitement runs into hilarity the old lady's face resembles a tearless mourner's at a funeral.

neral. Another remarkable couple are two young Another remarkable couple are two young women, apparently sisters, who always go and roturn from the races alone. They are modest, pretty, plainty and becomingly dressed, and appear to belong to a refined home circle. When the cars are crowded gentlemen have given up their seats so that the supposed sisters could sit together. This was done the other day, when Col. Brice inquired of a friend who had relinquished his seat:

Are you acquainted with those young women?

No."

"Did they thank you for your seat?"

"No."
Did they thank you for your seat?"
I didn't notice."
Well, they did not: I noticed them. The other day I gave my seat up to them. Not a word of thanks or an acknowledgment of any kind. They appear like well-bred persons. They attend every race, and receive courtesies, but I have never hears them speak to a soul. They are a mystery to me. I have attended races all my lile, and seen many queer incidents, but this tops them all."

ANALYZED BY THE CONDUCTOR.

How Men of Various Nationalities Gas On

A narrow-looking conductor with a large, sharp nose and an expression of feeble good nature leaned against the door frame of a Third avenue car yes-tertary and whished gently as the passengers burded annihemas on his buriess head. Men trainpled on his toes, women scowied at his tardiness, and children wiped their feet upon his solitary suit of clothes. Pres-ently a German woman of great breadth struggled out of her seat near the front platform and began to lunge violently toward the conductor, who had rung the bell when he saw her rise. Just as the vast woman arrived at a distance of three feet from the conductor,

the beli when he saw her rise. Just as the vast woman arrived at a distance of three feet from the conductor, the driver-who was looking into the car-touched his horses with the who mit they imaged briskly forward. The result was that the German woman foundered heavity upon the rounductor, pinnoning him against the ear, and surrounding him as a jelly fish would a rater edge time. Their be recised over handward line the lap of a honoweyed dude. After this she conversed with Postdene in a robust voice, and surrounding him as a little bright of a honoweyed dude. After this she conversed with Postdene in a robust voice, and started to clamber to the ground. In abgusting she turned her back to the horses, and the woman sat down in the road with an earnestness of purpose and on intensity of force that made the learns of the thehoders sinch. He are rolled on The conductor of the thehoders sinch. He are rolled on The conductor of the thehoders into the ten rolled on The conductor. The started up the team, of the thehoders sinch the conductor of the thehoders sinch. He can rolled on The conductor of the thehoders sinch the ten rolled on the call sent of the thehoders sinch the care.

"Rather an impension where a rolled on The conductor of the thehoders sinch the start."

"Well, somewhat, but it is natural to that nation. A man that perches on the tail end of a street car gradually learns how to recomers get on an off. They make a bottle of it as a role. The cold man what knews how to mount a car in the proper style is a Simon pure American citize. He simile close to the track, and as the car comes along swings on as gracefully as mush.

"Afferman, on the other hand, never can do it right. In the first place to nearly back a blood vessel in attraction the driver attention. He wave his came and how is like a but until the car comes up to him. Then he such as the conductor who of course had nothing the driver of the care which a subject of the care which he specially had then shop in the first him be selected. He had a suc

District Attorney Downing of Queens county, in his reply sent to the Governor to the charges made against him by the Citizens' Committee of Long Island City, says that after the indictment of James Riley for the killing of his brother, in-law, Robert E. Desmond, had been procured, some friends of Desmond, through John M. Desmond, paid \$100 to Samuel Johnson, a cierk in the District Attorney's office, to be used in the procurement of evidence; that as soon as he knew of it he took the money from the cierk and tendered it to John M. Desmond, but the latter refused it; that he then went with Desmond to the office of Charles S. Spencer, who had been retained by the friends of the decessed man to aid in the proceeding. but M. S. Spencer was absent; that on the following day he delivered the money to aduly authorized messenger of Charles S. Spencer and took a receipt from him; that in the preceding January there was deposited \$100 with him (the District Attory) by friends of Desmond, who earnestly arged him to use it in the procurement of evidence, which they informed him would be difficult to obtain; that he used \$27 of this to procure evidence and offered to return the same to John M. Desmond, but the latter refused to take it; that he then about April 10 accompanied Desmond to Spencer solice, and there delivered the evidence will be sever received to take it; that he then about April 10 accompanied Desmond to Spencer solice, and there delivered the evidence and there delivered the evidence will be sever received back. District Attorney Downing of Queens county.

The Wilbur A. Heisley is a new steamer just The Wilbur A. Heislov is a new steamer just this hed at Nyack, to make daily trips to Long Branch by way of the Shrewsbury River. She is the only stern wheeler in the harbor, though there have been many in the past, and it was by means of such house that Long Branch was trached before a raifrond was built to it. The river is very shallow. The Heisley, however, will draw only 3 feet of water, though she is 185 feet long and 40 feet wide, over all amidships. Her wheel is 24 feet in diameter, and the puddles are 25 feet 4 inches long and 2 feet wide. She has three rudders, and can make fourteen miles as hour.

WALL STREET POINTERS.

MEN WHO OPERATE WITH NOTHING BUT THEIR WITH FOR CAPITAL One of the Many Ways in Which Inexperi-enced Speculators are Led On to Lesses-A Pen Picture of the New Street Pointer.

The ruling passion of Wall street is to get money. Incidental to and inseparable from it is the desire for news. It is a perfectly natural desire, for the stock market, which is the most volatile market in the world, responds to every rumor and report, and, in the long run, to facts. In Wall street knowledge is not only power, but it is wealth, providing one can know a thing before everybody else does. The eagerness to obtain news is more apparent than the greed for money. The plainest proof of this is observable in the daily and constant greetings of speculators, brokers, and the host of attaches of the street. They do not upon meeting inquire in the usual pertunetory way
as to health, but with unfeigned expectation
ask: "Well, what's new?" "What do you
know?" "What do you hear?" or "What
do you think of things?" and "How
is the market going?" The first inquiry
is for information, opinion, or theory
either about the market, a particular stock, or the action of some large operator. The average speculator wants to operate on facts. He generally convinces himself that he is doing so. As a matter of fact he is influenced by rumors, heresay, and lies as much and as often as he is by facts. If he buys a stock or sells one he does so upon information or belief, and, having entered upon an operation, he is alert for news or gossip about what, for the moment, is his pet security. Invariably an abundance of material is offered to appears his appetite, but, unfortunately for him, it is not often of

the right kind.

As a matter of fact the newspapers do not fully satisfy this voracious appetite for news. The principal dailies whose reputation for ac-curacy is established furnish the speculator with simply the solid facts, which are frequently known in the street hours before the publication of a morning paper, and are always utilized by insiders long before they are formally made public. Bumors and reports for which there is no foundation—and they spring up on every side in Wall street every day—find no place in the papers most respected in the street unless the circulation of them produced some notworthy movement in the market. In that case they are noticed for their offert or for doubt.

day—find no place in the papers most respected in the street unless the circulation of them produced some noteworthy movement in the market. In that case they are noticed for their officet, or for denial,

The speculative body does not suffer, however, for want of variety, despite the simple, legitimate, and somewhat rigid diet offered it by the leaders of the press.

Half a dozen daity journals devoted wholly or in part to wall street intelligence furnish material that, for variety and novelty, ought to satisfy the most eccentric.

The demand for special and quick information has also given rise to several news agencies that distribute throughout the day all sorts of facts and fancies, including ratiroad earnings, foreign and other out-of-town market quotations, general news, rumors, gossip, and opinions. These range from expressions attributed to the leaders in the street to those of a prominent broker or a well-known banker.

But all these contributions do not satisfy the speculator. If the material that is furnished him corresponds with his own views, or is favorable to his operations, it gratifies him, and ha is inclined to believe it—as a rule accepta it as gospel. If it is adverse to his plans and hopes he doubts it, and finally disbelieves it. What the stock gainbier wants more than anything else is information that nobody else has. This desire has nutrured and repared a large and singular cases about the Stock Exchange. Uncle Rurus Hatch, in one of his happy moods, characterized them some years ago as "pointers." The name was apparently considered appropriate, for it has stuck to the persons alinded to. He briefly described a pointer as a person who, without risking any of his own capital, if indeed he has any, persuades some one to operate in the market for joint account upon the alleged information that he furnishes. According to the sum and produce the his and produce to a some one else to that the same time he persuades some one to buy a hundred shares or more for their joint profit, the purchaser

sent of the previous or present connection as a result of the previous or present connections. The summary of commenders were a summary of the previous or present connections are the previous or present connections are the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the control of the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the previous or present connections are they may be a purely to the previous or present connections are they inspect to the previous or present conn

QUICK AS LIGHTNING.

PROGRESS LATELY MADE IN INSTAN-TANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY. Pletures of Men. Tachts, Steamers, and Lo-

Professions in Advancing the Art. Of the numerous photographic pictures of the scenes on and about the big bridge on the day of the opening of that structure to the public, some showed a surprising skill in instantaneous photography. Soldiers marching on the bridge were to be seen in these pictures. with feet raised in the act of taking steps The images of waving flags were caught as their folds swelled in the breeze. Puffs of steam, from the saluting whistles on boats, were shown with perfectly clear outlines. In one case, a picture, taken at the exact instant of the firing of the signal gun from the steamer below the bridge, was so perfect that it reproduced not only the white smoke wreaths forming at the mouth of the gun, but even the two wads fixing out from the muzzle of the piece. The details of these pictures, apart from the special points mentioned, were as sharp and effective as could possibly have been made even by long exposure of motionless objects to the camera. Another noteworthy thing about them is that nearly all of them bear unknown

the Western Union Telegraph and position has the Western Union Telegraph and position for the bit has been to I magnine a variety of pranots as to why he was thus introduced into New York, instinuing that it was some investigation of the production of the producti and professions absorbed and services and of professions absorbed and professions absorbed with the art are as unfamiliar to the stage of the west and the professions and the professions are all the professions and the professions and the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions and professions are all the professions and professions are all the professions and professions and professions are all the professions and professions are all the professions and professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions are all the professions and the professions are all the professions are all the professions and the present and the present and the present are the profession and the present about a recognitable by the aid of a magnifying glass; steamers moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, yet pictured so perfectly that each suff of steam and curi of amounts and the present and the profession and the professions about are recognitable by the aid of a magnifying glass; steamers moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, yet pictured so perfectly that each suff of steam and curi of amounts and the profession a

CAN'T GIVE THEM AWAY. An Organ Manufacturer who is Long of

Shavings and Can't Unload. The following advertisement appeared in a morning paper the other day:

CHAVINGS GIVEN AWAY.—Parties desiring clean, the off-pine shavings can obtain them data, free of charge, at it. L. R., 45, 147, and 149 West lights. A Sun reporter found those numbers painted on the front of an organ factory. A young man was sitting in the office. You advertise that you have nice soft pine

shavings to give away?"

The young man smiled, and invited the reporter to step up stairs to the manager's office. The manager also smiled. "You want shavings?" he said, with a touch

The manager also smiled.

"You want shavings?" he said, with a touch of eagerness. "You may have a load a day."

"I am much obliged," said the reporter. "but if I accepted your kind offer, I would not know what to do with the shavings."

The smile faded from the manager's face.

"Why did you come then?" he asked.

"It is so unusual to advertise to give anything away, that I came to inquire why you give your shavings away.

I naven't," said the manager mournfully.

Nobody'll take them. They seem a drug on the market. Not a soul has come in answer to the advertisement, and this morning I neivertised again, offering to pay for their removal. You see, we use soft pine in the manufacture of organs, and there are a great many shavings and turnings. We don't burn them, because we hire our steam from a brewery, where they burned our shavings until a week ago. The shavings began to accumulate, and we did not know what to do with them. I had a big box filled and put it in front of the door, and stuck in a pole bearing this sign. Any one wanting shavings can have them free of cost." That evening the whole street was paved with shavings, the children taking groat delight in scattering them."

"Aren't shavings of any value?"

"Bakers use them for quick heat for their ovens, I have written to all the bakers, and that they are supplied. I am afraid that shavings are a drug on the market."

Cranke who Could Not Agree 15 They Would.

Cranks who Could Not Agree If They Would. The Cranks' Lodge, No 1, are in a quandary. The Cranks' Lodge, No 1, are in a quantiary. The by-laws of the organization prohibit any two members from agreeing in the discussion or consideration of any subject. They want to expel several members, but as they must agree in order to do so, they cannot accomplish their purpose. They met last evening at Fog Horn Tavern and considered the matter in executive session. Philip McDowell presided. There were present Judge Ne Adam, Thomas contigan, William Tillottson, Congressions John J. Adams, and forty others. Owing to the peculiarity of their by laws, they did not arrive at an agreement in reward to the objectionable members or anything else, though they were harmonious in the consumption of liquid refreshments. MIMIC ADVERTISING.

How Printed Advertisements are Converted

As a SUN reporter turned from the Fifth avenue down Fourteenth street the other day he saw a crowd gazing at the second story of a house. Behind a broad window with two large panes of glass appeared the objects which were attracting the attention of the crowd. Behind the lower pane was a broad piece of canvas on which the name of a sum mer hotel was painted in large black letters; behind the upper glass was a scene which gave in good perspective an idea of the house and surroundings. It seemed a picturesque sum-mer resort. Back of the house stretched a range of blue mountains. Some of the peaks were so high that fleecy white clouds veiled their summits. From the hotel a path led through a sloping lawn to a lake. So far the picture represented all that was described on the canvas underneath, except the announcement that there was good fishing in the lake Suddenly, however, even this was realized. A man was seen pulling in a boat across the lake.

After a while he stopped rowing, shipped his oars, lifted a fishing rod from the bottom of the boat, and cast the line into the water. Then he remained motioniess as if intenty watching the line. With a suiden jerk of the rod he landed a fish in the boat. This was repeated to have cauging the control of t

"How so?"
"We shall represent the candidate running in opposition to our advertiser as being pelted by the voters with eggs and potatoes."
"How do you got your advertisements?"
"We read those in the papers, and if we find one which can be well imitated by mimicry we call the advertiser's attention to our method."

PADDY BURNS'S PRISONER.

His Misgivings at the Entrance of the Prison at Sing Sing.

Ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer tells a good story of the palmy days when the Hon. Paddy Burns was a deputy sheriff. He was frequently detailed to take convicted prisoners to Sing Sing prison. One day, as he approached the entrance, a mild-mannered prisoner held out a pair of small white hands chained together with handcuffs. "Sheriff," he said in pitiful accents. "look at those hands. They will be no good in the quarries. I'm here for ten years. It'll kill me to go into the quarries. You might as well put a titled indy in a hondry,"

"Ah, be aisy, now," said Paddy. "You talk so much you twisht the eye of me."

"I've a hundred dollar bill in my vest pocket, and—"

"Whisper, whisper," broke in Paddy with sudden interest.

"It's my last hundred dollars," the prisoner continued in a low tone, "and it's yours if you'll only keep me out of the quarries."

"What can ye do now?" Paddy inquired.

"Any light work," was the reply. "Can't you get me something easy?"

"Well—now—I don't know. Are ye handy wid a pin?"

"Handy with a pen?" repeated the captive with sudden energy. "Heavens, man, I'm too handy. That's what I'm here for." pair of small white hands chained together

Abundant Growth on Staten Island.

The present season has been remarkably prolife for all manner of agricultural products in Rich-mond county. The soil and climate are pronounced especially good for strawberries and asparagus. The

sait air and high ground are said to be the desirable features. The yield of cabbage and potatoes this year has been extraordinary itay is nearly all harvested, and is very tail and stocky. Winter wheat, which is ready to cut, is harves headed and full of grain. Outs will be more than an average crop. Herries, wild and cultivated, are in the best form, and potens are body gathering them in all directions. Corn is a tride late. Tomatoes are showing the want of heat and sanishine. Apples, pears, and all fruits promise well. Millions of cuterpillars have turned the patients of woodhard into masses of webs. In some places hardly a piece of creen foliage can be seen. The farmers will in some places loss largely from the caterpillars, whose presence they ascribe to the damp weather since May. ait air and high ground are said to be the desirable

Marching to the Home of Col. Shaw's Mother The Shaw Veteran Corps of Boston, a colored organization named after Col. Robert 9. Shaw of the Fifty fourth Massachusetts Regiment, who fell in the attack on Fort Wagner on July 18, 1981, marched to the home of his mother in New Brigation, Staten Island, a few days ago, and presented her with a set of resolutions

LARKS OF THE LIGHTNING.

While Mrs. Haynes of lise Piquant, La. was throwing clothes over a wire line she was instantly killed by lightning.

At a picule party in Caton, N. V., twenty persons were struck by lightning. Four were badly burned, and one lady had her shows form from her see.

Lightning struck a pine on the river bank near where Henry Bryette of Ocean Pond, Ga. was fishing in a boat and Jumping from the tree, struck Boyette on the neck, singering him down to his feet.

In going from a harded, with a pitchfork on his shoul. neck, singeing him down to his feet.

In going from a hayfield, with a pitchfork on his shoulder, beliand Warner of Jerseyvitle, N. J., was killed by a troke of lightning. The belt struck the fors, shattering it to atoms and tearing Warner's clothes completely from his body.

Lightning struck a locate tree near the house of the Rev Ar. Ferry of Lexington, Ky, passed into the house through a window, wrecking the room, and then followed the trois work completely around the house. Some of the liminate was hart.

While bane Redding of the struck of the liminate was hart. While Issac Redding of Drayton, Ga, was hoeing in a field with his wife, a storm came up, and Mrs. iteiding dropped dead at her inustand's feet from a stroke of figurating. Her civithing from head to foot was ripped on one side as if with a kinfe.

inguining. Her coulding from head to foot was rapped on one side as if with a kinfe.

In passing from the harm to the house with a steel carver in he hand, william W. Smith of Rempleted was struck by lightning. The bold struck the kinfe medium to a rock half of heads for more than 10 to the kinfe was not forced from his grass but the pain in his hand. Was intense. He was not seriously injured.

Lightning struck the born of William Buckler of Norwich, Genm., and killed the horse in the stable and the down of he house a fore shounder and the down the lowes a fore shounder and the form in the form of the house in the stable and the form in the form of the house in the stable and the form in the form of the house in the house in the form when the house is fore shounder and the form in the form of the house in the form to current the long is neck. It rapped up the fire sower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being to the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being the fire tower, and set all the beliephone being the fire tower.

SCRAMBLING FOR OFFICE.

CHARGE OF THE PLACE HUNTERS OF

THE WASHINGTON DEPARTMENTS. a Army of Apulleants Shoutless Teasts

and Wesping for Clerkships-Diagraceful scenes Usbering in the New Reform Law. WASHINGTON, July 20 .- The spirit of the Civil Service law has been violated already, and the last scramble for the crumbs of office was as disgraceful a piece of work as ever smirched an Administration. The Son's but-tle cry, "Turn the ruscals out!" has been twisted into "Pack the ruscals in clover." This has been done. The Civil Service law went into practical operation on July 16, but for weeks before that date hordes of office seekers clamored, howled, and spricked at the doors of the departments for a chance at the public crib. They overran the hotels, poured into the rooms of the Cubinet officers, and even into the White

their friends gil the letters of endorsement they wanted to make this final attack. Did they succeed? It is a fact, to the shame of this Republican Administration, that in nearly every case these applicants have been provided for. After the Cabinet officers had filled the existing vacancies, they found a seemingly endless line of applicants, each armed with papers as strong as those filed by their more fortunate brothers and sisters.
Then the entire Cabinet, with but one exception, field from the city, and left their subordi-

House itself. It seemed as though all the Sen-ators and all the Congressmen had given all

tion, fied from the city, and left their subordinates to bear the brunt of the fray. This exception was Secretary Teller, who stood his ground, and took care of more cases than all of the other members of the Cabinet combined. Particular pressure was brought to bear on the Treasury Department, and the heads of the different bureaus were hastily summoned together and toid that if there were no vacancies, places must be made.

There was only one man in the entire department who had courage enough to stand up against the tremendous pressure. That man was Treasurer Wyman, who in his cool, blunt way said: "I have no vacancies, and I don't intend to make any. I am personally responsible for the safe conduct of affairs in my office, and I have given heavy bonds for the safety of the money in my charge. I am satisfied with my present cierks and assistants, and I have as many of them as I can use. If I am forced to it. I will make one vacancy; I will send in my regulanation." That ended the matter as far as Treasurer Wyman was concerned, and he made no vacancies.

Hundreds flocked to the Post Office Depart-

it. I will make one vacancy; I will send in my regignation." That ended the matter as far as Treasurer Wyman was concerned, and he made no vacancies.

Hundreds flocked to the Post Office Department, and an official there said: Thave never seen such a sight, although I have been here years. They were all sorts of people, and there wasn't one of them that would take no for an answer. The men were more easily taken eare of than the women—and such women! There were flerce women, mcck women, widows, orphans; some old, some young, and, in my hunble judgment, some not as good as they might be. When one of them would be refused, sho would cry and sob, and talk almost starvation; and when we insisted that she could not have a place then she would get angry. But, bless you, neither tears nor threats had any influence. We knew just what we could do, and we did it, and a little more.

Saturday came; it was the last day of grace. The President had remained out at the Soiders' Home during the greater part of the week, but those seekers after the spoils of office followed him out there. It was finally settled upon that certain of the applicants should have places, and those in charge of the various departments in the absence of the Cabinet officers were instructed to make vacancies. After stretching their consciences to the utmost tension—and the conscience of a bureau official is, as a rule, a pretty elastic concern—it was found that there were twenty-six persons who had not been provided for. What to do with them was the question. All of the departments were seemingly full to overflowing with clerks, and finally some one suggested that the matter be referred to Teller, as he was the only Cabinet officer at his post. The situation was explained to him. How many have you? asked the Secretary. Twenty-six, I will take care of them."

Places were made for thom, and they were set at work, or, perhaps it is more accurate to say, tray were placed on the pay roll. The Civil Service Reform Commissioners are going ahead with their exa

MR. MAXWELL'S BILL FOR STORAGE. A Counter-Statement in Answer to Mrs. Renz's Allegation of Extertion.

Mr. C. M. Maxwell, proprietor of the storage warehouse at #3 East Thirteenth street, whom Mrs. Anna Rengrecently accused before the Mayor of making exorbitant charges, has returned from Europe, and

makes the following statement;
"The record of this case before the Mayor shows that
Mrs. Renz stated that I agreed to cart her goods in six loads, and to store them for \$20 per month, and made certain other statements with regard to storage, purchase, and sale of her goods that were equally and absolutely false as reported. The facts are as follows: Mrs. Renz called at my office on or about April 15, and after taking with her awhile I told her that according to her statement flagring on the basis of the loads. ar Maxwell says his bill did not include a charge for mending furniture. The item complianed of by A Renz was for unpacking and arranging the formiture an anciton sale. He avers that the trouble was can by the interference of an outsider who sought to inj

The Briver Kept the Nickel. A determined-looking woman handed a dime

A determined-looking woman handed a dime to the driver in payment of her fare in a Pitth avenue stage. The driver handed her back a mokel.

"Here, you follow," said the determined looking woman, in an Pin-mothing if not-honest (one, "ginate the five cents that goes in the look. Do you think I am going to let you chest your employers?"

The driver answered her question with a laugh. "Pil report you, young man," ecreaned the determined looking woman. "You won't get me to consider any order of the determined of th

A New Idea in a Barber's Shop. In the place of the pictorial and other papers that usually litter the tables and chairs in barber stops, a Tompkins avenue. Brooklyn, barber has substituted a scrap book of ample establity and attempt bound. The and a leading New York norming paperer two supply entertainment to waiting ensurement. The matter in the scrap book is largely made up of cappings from furties. The harder says he got the idea from a destrict vito hander than averables to read while he waited his turn under the forceps.

Plentes Not to Last Into the Night.

In view of the evils which sometimes result from evening pictures history Wagger of the discuss of Newark has directed that no picule or excursion of a church or Catholic society shall be continued longer than sunset. France, excursions, and fairs may be held only with the consent of the rector and they must be under the superintendence of the rector or one of his presset. Fairs must end by 10% o'clock.

PERILS OF THE COUNTRY.

As soon as Mrs. John Simpson of Metropolis heard that bey six year-old son was drowned in the thin she comher six year-old son was drowned in the Chio siic com-inflices suitide.

Just before a Swiss boy, 14 years of are, was drowned white bathing at Cotton Hill, W. Va. he escaped being kined by the care. killed by the care.

Jacob Haughman, aged 65, of Conestoga township, Pa.,
but his death by falling from a ladder from which he
was picking othernes.

While Benny Carter of Salem, Va., was leaning over
his boat handing in a beh, he was selzed with cramps, fell
overboard, and was drowned. Damet Dorrity, aged 36, went in pathing in the canal hour seracuse. After climbing out apon the bank be was selzed with terrific cramps, fell into the water, and s as drowned.
John J. McElhorne, Jr., aged 11, of Ardnore, Pa., went ord shooting contrary to law. The gun went off pre-indurely and and McElhorne's beg. Amputation did lot save him, and he died.

maturely and so did Mckillorine's log. Ampulation did not save tim, and the died.

In attempting to cross a stream by walking on a log thrown across. Many and thate I harner of Milestroin, Pa., were drawined. Many become nervous, suddenly caught hald of her sister and both fell in.

While visiting in the country near Summerville Mills. Ga. several little girls play me together obtained a big loster. Manie ship now carries and in the obsets and Manie Steine has died from a womal in the steamer.

Moses stuart went fishing in White's Crock hear Chattanoon. Lette. He carried some dynamic confirmes with him, one of which exploded new off one site of time alread and knocked him into the crock, where he was drowned. An eight years old lad from the city who was visiting. drowned.

An eight-year old lad from the city who was visiting at Port Jersis wheeled the baby carriage containing his two-year-old brother, out on the low-path of tree cand, left him there and went for cherrice. A gust of wind blew both baby and carriage into the cana.